The True and Genuine EXPLANATION *Of one* K. James's *DECLARATION.*

J. R.

WHereas by Miſrepreſentation
(Of which our ſelf was the Occaſion)
We loſt our Royal Reputation;
And, much againſt our Expectation,
Laid the moſt Tragical Foundation
Of Vacant Throne and Abdication.
After mature Deliberation,
We now reſolve to ſham the Nation
Into another Reſtauration.
Promiſing in our wonted Faſhion,
Without the leaſt Equivocation,
To make an ample Reparation.
And for our Re-inauguration,
We chooſe to owe the Obligation
To our kind Subjects Inclination,
For whom we always ſhew'd a Paſſion.
And when again they take occaſion
To want a King of our Perſwaſion,
We'll ſoon appear to take our Station
With the enſuing Declaration.

ALL ſhall be ſafe from Rope and Fire,
Or never more believe in *J. R.*

J. R.

WHen we reflect what Deſolation
Our Abſence cauſes to the Nation,
We could not hold our ſelf exempted
From any thing to be attempted;
Whereby our Subjects, well beguil'd,
May to our Yoke be reconcil'd.
Be all aſſur'd, both Whig and Tory,
If for paſt Faults you can be ſorry,
You ne'r ſhall know what we'll do for you.

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For 'tis our Noble Reſolution
To do more for your Conſtitution,
Than e're we'll put in Execution.
Though ſome before us made a Pother,
England had never ſuch another,
No not our own renown'd dear Brother.
We have it ſet before our Eyes,
That our main Intereſt wholly lies
In managing with ſuch Diſguiſe,
As leaves no room for Jealouſies.
And to encourage Foes and Friends,
With Hearts and Hands, to ſerve our Ends,
We hereby Publiſh and Declare,
(And this we do, becauſe we dare)
That to evince we are not ſullen,
We'll bury all paſt Faults in Woollen:
By which you may perceive we draw
Our wiſe Reſolves from Statute-Law.
And therefore by this Declaration
We promiſe Pardon to the Nation,
Excepting only whom we pleaſe,
Whether they be on Land or Seas.
And further Bloodſhed to prevent,
We here declare our ſelf content
To heap as large Reward on all,
That help to bring us to *White-hall*,
As ever did our Brother dear,
At his Return, on *Cavalier*;
Or we, to our Immortal Glory,
Conferr'd on *Non-reſiſting Tory*.
Then be aſſur'd the firſt fair Weather,
We'll call a Parliament together,
(Chooſe right or wrong, no matter whether)
Where with united Inclination,
We'll bring the Intereſt of the Nation
Under our own Adjudication:
With whoſe Concurrence, we'll redreſs
What we our ſelf think Grievances.
All ſhall be firm as Words can make it:
And if we promiſe, what can ſhake it?

As for your Church, we'll ſtill defend it;
Or, if you pleaſe, the Pope ſhall mend it.
Your Chappels, Colleges and Schools,
Shall be ſupply'd with your own Tools:
But if We live another Summer,
We'll then relieve 'em from St. *Omer.*

Next for a Liberty of Conſcience,
With which we bit the Nation long ſince;
We'l ſettle it as firm and ſteady,
As that perhaps you have already.

We'l never violate the Teſt,
'Till 'tis our Royal Intereſt;
Or till we think it ſo at leaſt,
But there we muſt conſult the Prieſt.

And as for the Diſpenſing Power,
(Of Princes Crowns, the ſweeteſt Flower.)
That Parliament ſhall ſo explain it,
As we in Peace may ſtill maintain it.

If other Acts ſhall be preſented,
We'l paſs them all and be contented:
What-ever Laws receiv'd their Faſhion
Under the preſent Uſurpation,
Shall have Our gracious Confirmation,
Provided ſtill we ſee Occaſion.

Our Brother's Iriſh Settling Act,
(Which We, 'tis true, repeal'd in Fact)
We'l be contented to reſtore,
If you'l provide for *Teague* before:
For you Your ſelves ſhall have the Glory
To Re-eſtabliſh wandring *Tory.*

But now You have ſo fair a Bidder,
'Tis more than time You ſhould conſider,
What Funds are proper to ſupply Us
For that, and what your Hearths ſave by Us.
Therefore conſult your *Polyhimne*,
To find another Rhyme to Chimney;
Or if I bleed, the Devil's in me.
And leſt a Project in its Prime,
Should be deſtroy'd for want of Time,

We'll

We'll ſoon refer the whole Amount
To your Commiſſioners of Account.
Thus having tortur'd our Invention,
To frame a Draught of our Intention,
By the Advice of *Hun———ton*,
Wiſe *Ely*, *F———ck*, and *Tom. D—e*,
And of all Ranks ſome fifty One:
Who have adjuſted for Our coming,
All Gymcracks fit for ſuch a Mumming:
And 'tis their Buſineſs to perſwade You,
We come to Succour, not Invade You.
But after this We think it Nonſence;
Beſides it is againſt our Conſcience,
To trouble you with a Relation
Of Tyranny and Violation,
Or Burdens that oppreſs the Nation.
Since You can make the beſt Conſtruction,
Of what may turn to Your Deſtruction.
But ſince our Enemies wou'd fright You,
Telling our Debt to *France* is mighty;
As poſitively we aſſure You,
As if we ſwore before a Jury;
That He expects no Compenſation,
But what He gains in Reputation,
For helping in our Reſtauration.
And all muſt own, that know his Story,
How far his Intereſt ſtoops to Glory:
Whoſe Generoſity is ſuch,
We doubt not he'l out-do the *Dutch*.
We only add, that We are come
By Trumpet's Sound, and Beat of Drum,
For our juſt Title's Vindication,
And Liberty's Corroboration.
So may We ever find Succeſs,
As We deſign you nothing leſs,
Than what you owe to old QUEEN *BESS*.

J. R.

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